safe from his pursuit. The question now is what course he will take, or rather what course the Courts of that State will take in view of the facts stated by Mrs. Johnson. From him nothing is to be expected, but if the Judiciary of Pennsylvania have the souls of men they will not suffer the outrage on Mr. Williamson and on justice to be continued any longer.

DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY'S MOTHER.—The mother of Horace Greeley died at Wayne, Erie County, Penn., on the 27th of July. The father of Mr. Greeley is still living.

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION—This Convention, which is to be held at Saratoga Springs on Wednesday and Thursday the 15th and 16th of August, we understand will be addressed by Lucy Stone Blackwell, the Rev. T. W. Higginson, Ernestine L. Rose, the Rev. Samuel J. May and the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown.

We have received the *Prospectus* for a paper at Council City, Kansas Territory. This town is built up by the AMERICAN SETTLEMENT COMPANY, (Office No. 110 Broadway,) and contains, as the Circular informs us, some 1,500 inhabitants from the Free-States, is situated on the great Santa Fé road, and abundantly supplied with timber, coal, and excellent water. Geo. Walter, General Superintendent of the American Settlement Company, is agent for "*The Council City Banner.*" We trust those friendly to the cause of freedom will subscribe. Price, $2, in advance.

THE LATEST NEWS
RECEIVED BY
MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

NON-ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.
HALIFAX, Tuesday, July 31—11 P. M.

There are as yet no signs of the Asia, now in her eleventh day. The night is very dark and it has been raining all day. The weather is doubtless thick outside, and if the steamer is off the port it is scarcely likely that she will venture in to-night.

FROM WASHINGTON.
WASHINGTON, Tuesday, July 31, 1855.

This afternoon the employees in the Pension-Office presented the retiring Commissioner, Waldo, with an elegant silver service of plate in token of their respect for him as an officer and courteous gentleman. Suitable addresses were made. Quite a number of citizens were present during the ceremony.

THE YELLOW FEVER.
PORTSMOUTH, Va., Tuesday, July 31, 1855.

The whole number of cases of yellow fever in this city up to Monday evening was sixty-eight, and the deaths twenty-six. Great excitement prevails in the community. The infected districts are fenced in, and the occupants have removed.

The frigate Potomac sailed on Saturday, and the Constellation dropped down to the naval anchorage.

NORFOLK, Tuesday, July 31, 1855.

The aggregate number of cases of yellow fever in this city up to to-day has been twenty, and of deaths four.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, July 31, 1855.

The Mayor and Health Commissioners of Baltimore have visited Norfolk, and ordered that skillful physicians be placed aboard both the Norfolk boats to prevent any sick persons being brought on board, and with power to detain the boats or passengers at Quarantine if necessary.

COLLISION AND LOSS OF FOUR LIVES.
CINCINNATI, Tuesday, July 31, 1855.

The steamer Kentucky, bound from Pittsburgh to Louisville, came in collision last night with steamer Telegraph No 3, bound from Louisville to Cincinnati. The former sunk almost immediately in twenty feet of water, and four of her crew were drowned. The boat will probably prove a total loss. She is reported to have been insured in Pittsburgh for twelve thousand dollars.

SHIPMENT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION.
BOSTON, Tuesday, July 31, 1855.

The American ship Wm. M. Rogers has been chartered at Halifax to convey the Foreign Legion to England. She will sail about the 10th of August.

The following are the footings of our Bank statement for the past week:

Capital Stock........	$52,710,000	Due to other Banks..	$5,961,554
Loans and Discounts.	95,611,712	Deposits...............	14,864,817
Specie in Bank......	2,158,764	Circulation...........	7,233,836
Due from other Bks..	7,300,987		

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.
MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Tuesday, July 31, 1855.

The Annual Commencement of the Wesleyan University takes place to-morrow. The city is thronged with strangers. The Poem befor the Philotheron and Perthologian Societies was delivered this afternoon by the Rev. John Pierpont of Boston. His subject was the "Scholar's Hope." The Junior Class of the Wesleyan University partook this evening of a very fine supper at the McDonough House.

NAVIGATION OF THE OHIO.
WHEELING, Tuesday, July 31, 1855.

The Ohio has risen to thirteen feet, and business is quite active. Freights to St. Louis are brisk at 40 to 50 cents, and the Cincinnati and Louisville boats are running at low figures.

The following is a sketch of a conversation which took place on Sunday last in a drug store in Philadelphia. A young man, J. G. T., was reading aloud an article on the Wheeler Slave Case in *The Sunday Dispatch* of that city. A number of young men were standing by, and near them was Mr. Wheeler, drinking a glass of soda water:

Wheeler—My young friend, I am Col. John H. Wheeler. I am the man whose slaves were stolen.

J. G. T.—I know you are, Sir, though I was not aware that you were present.

Wheeler—Is it possible that you sympathize with that d——d Abolitionist, Passmore Williamson?

J. G. T.—Certainly, Sir. All my sympathies are with him.

Wheeler—You think he did right, then, in assaulting me and threatening to cut my throat and stealing my people?

J. G. T.—I do not think your throat should be cut, but he did no more than his duty in taking the people. He acted from the best of motives.

Wheeler—What motives could he have for taking my slaves? I wa'n't disturbing anybody. I was simply passing through on my mission. I am Minister at Nicaragua. I was taking them to wait on my wife. I own the woman's children, and all the relations are in Washington.

J. G. T.—But they were not your slaves. Judge Kelly decided that last night.

Wheeler—Judge Kelly be d——d! He is an Abolitionist. The Constitution of the United States recognizes my right to them.

J. G. T.—I do not think it does.

Wheeler—Why, don't it say that fugitive niggers shall be sent back?

J. G. T.—Yes, and it is an infamous thing that it does say so. I for one would obey no such enactment.

Wheeler—Then you are a traitor, sir—a G—d d——d traitor, and you ought to be taken out of here and hung upon the first lamp post.

J. G. T.—I am glad you are not my Judge, Sir.

Wheeler—By God! you will be yet. You ought to be down in prison with that damn'd Williamson. May be it will teach him not to meddle in what don't belong to him.

J. G. T.—May be it will make a thousand Abolitionists, ready and willing to do as he did. As for me, it would be the proudest period of my life if I were in his place.

Wheeler—Well, you'll be there one day. You Abolitionists have got to be put down. If I had had a revolver Passmore Williamson would not be where he is now; I would have put a bullet through his head. Unless Philadelphia acquits herself, Southerners will not come here, and Southern trade is worth a million dollars a year to Philadelphia.

J. G. T.—I hope we hold our principles higher than dollars and cents. I don't think the whole South would buy a true freeman.

Wheeler,—My! if I was to act as you Abolitionists, when a man came to me in my official capacity, I would ask him if he came from the Free States, and if he did, tell him to go to h—l!

Here Wheeler left abruptly, saying to J. G. T. he would hand him over to the gentlemen who were listening, evidently supposing that they would be on his side. So some of these were, in principle, though all agreed, irrespective of the merits of the case, in pronouncing Mr. Wheeler to be, personally a blackguard.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 30, 1855.

As the public have not been made acquainted with the facts and particulars respecting the agency of Mr. Passmore Williamson and others, in relation to the slave case now agitating this city, and especially as the poor slave mother and her two sons have been so grossly misrepresented, I deem it my duty to lay the facts before you, for publication or otherwise, as you may think proper.

On Wednesday afternoon, week, at 4½ o'clock, the following note was placed in my hands by a colored boy whom I had never before seen, to my recollection:

"MR. STILL—*Sir:* Will you come down to Bloodgood's Hotel as soon as possible—as there are three fugitive slaves here and they want liberty. Their master is here with them, on his way to New-York."

The note was without date, and the signature so indistinctly written as not to be understood by me, having evidently been penned in a moment of haste.

Without delay I ran with the note to Mr. P. Williamson's office, Seventh and Arch, found him at his desk, and gave it to him, and after reading it, he remarked that he could not go down, as he had to go to Harrisburg that night on business—but he advised me to go, and to get the names of the slaveholder and the slaves, in order to telegraph to New-York to have them arrested there, as no time remained to procure a writ of habeas corpus here.

I could not have been two minutes in Mr. W.'s office before starting in haste for the wharf. To my surprise, however, when I reached the wharf, there I found Mr. W., his mind having undergone a sudden change; he was soon on the spot.

I saw three or four colored persons in the hall, at Bloodgood's, none of whom I recognized except the boy who brought me the note. Before having time for making inquiry some one said they had gone on the boat. "Get their description," said Mr. W. to myself. I instantly inquired of one of the colored persons for the desired description, and in a single sentence was told that she was "a "tall, dark woman, with two little boys."

Mr. W. and myself ran on board of the boat, looked among the passengers on the first deck, but saw them not. "They are up on the second deck," an unknown voice uttered. In a second we were in their presence. We approached the anxious-looking slave-mother with her two boys on her left-hand; close on her right sat an ill-favored white man having a cane in his hand which I took to be a sword-cane. (As to its being a sword-cane, however I might have been mistaken.)

The first words to the mother were: "Are you traveling?" "Yes," was the prompt answer. "With whom?" Nodding her head toward the ill-favored man, signifying with him. Fidgeting on his seat, he said something, exactly what I do not now recollect. In reply I remarked: "Do they belong to you, Sir?" "Yes, they are in my charge," was his answer. Turning from him to the mother and her sons, in substance, and word for word, as near as I can remember, the following remarks were earnestly though calmly addressed by the individuals who rejoiced to meet them on free soil, and who felt unmistakably assured that they were justified by the laws of Pennsylvania as well as the Law of God, in informing them of their rights:

"You are entitled to your freedom according to the laws of Pennsylvania, having been brought into the State by your owner. If you prefer freedom to slavery, as we suppose everybody does, you have the chance to accept it now. Act calmly—don't be frightened by your master—you are as much entitled to your freedom as we are, or as he is—be determined and you need have no fears but you will be protected by the law. Judges have time and again decided cases in this city and State similar to yours in favor of freedom! Of course, if you want to remain a slave with your master, we cannot force you to leave; we only want to make you sensible of your rights. *Remember, if you lose this chance you may never get such another,*" &c.

This advice to the woman was made in the hearing of a number of persons present, white and colored; and one elderly white gentleman of genteel address, who seemed to take much interest in what was going on, remarked that they would have the same chance for their freedom in New-Jersey and New-York as they then had—seeming to sympathize with the woman, &c.

During the few moments in which the above remarks were made, the slaveholder frequently interrupted—said she understood all about the laws making her free, and her right to leave if she wanted to; but contended that she did not want to leave—that she was on a visit to New-York to see her friends—afterward *wished to return to her three children whom she left in Virginia, from whom it would be* HARD *to separate her.* Furthermore, he diligently tried to constrain her to say that she did not want to be interfered with—that she wanted to go with him—that she was on a visit to New-York—had children in the South, &c.; but the woman's desire to be free was altogether too strong to allow her to make a single acknowledgment favorable to his wishes in the matter. On the contrary, she repeatedly said, distinctly and firmly, "*I am not free, but I want my freedom*—AL-"WAYS *wanted to be free!! but he holds me.*"

In the slaveholder's remarks, after saying that she belonged to him, *he said that she was free!* Again he said that he was *going to give her her freedom,* &c. When his eyes would be off of hers, such kindling feelings as her eyes exhibited indicative of her entreaty that we should not forsake her and her little ones, in their weakness, it had never been my lot to witness before, under any circumstances.

The last bell tolled! The last moment for further delay passed! The arm of the master being slightly touched, accompanied with the words, "Come"—and she instantly arose—"go along—go along," said some, who sympathized, to the boys, at the same time taking hold of their arms. By this time the parties were fairly moving toward the narrow stairway leading to the deck below. Instantly on their starting, the slaveholder rushed at the woman and her children, to prevent their leaving; and, if I am not mistaken, he simultaneously took hold of the woman and Mr. Williamson, which resistance on his part caused Mr. W. to take hold of him and set him aside quickly.

The passengers were gazing all around, but none interfered in behalf of the slaveholder except one man whom I took to be another slaveholder. He said harshly, "Let them alone; they are his *property!*" The youngest boy, about 7 years of age—too young to know what these things meant—cried "Massa John! Massa John!" The elder boy, 11 years of age, took the matter more dispassionately, and the mother *quite calmly.* The mother and her sympathizers all moved down the stairs together in the presence of quite a number of spectators on the first deck and on the wharf, all of whom, as far as I was able to discern, seemed to look upon the whole affair with the greatest indifference. The women and children were assisted, but not forced to leave. Nor were there any violence or threatenings as I saw or heard. The only word that I did hear from any, of an objectionable character, was: "Knock "him down; knock him down!" but who uttered it or who was meant I knew not, nor have I since been informed. However, if it was uttered by a colored man, I regret it, as there was not the slightest cause for such language, especially as the sympathies of the spectators and citizens seemed to justify the course pursued.

While passing off of the wharf and down Delaware-av. to Dock-st., and up dock to Front, where a carriage was procured, the slaveholder was in the company and one police officer, if no more.

The youngest boy on being put in the carriage was told that he was "a fool for crying so after "'Massa' John," who would sell him if he ever caught him. Not another whine was heard on the subject.

The carriage drove down town slowly, the horses being fatigued and the weather intensely hot; the inmates were put out on Tenth-st.—not at any house—after which they soon found hospitable friends and quietude. The excitement of the moment having passed by, the mother *seemed very cheerful, and rejoiced greatly that herself and boys had been, as she thought, so "providentially delivered from the house of bondage!"* For the first time in her life she could look upon herself and children and feel free!

Having felt the iron in her heart for the best half of her days—having been sold with her children on the auction block—having had one of her children sold far away from her without hope of ever seeing him again—she very naturally and wisely concluded to go to Canada, fearing that if she remained in this city—as some assured her she could do with entire safety—that she might again find herself in the clutches of the tyrant from whom she had fled.

But, a few items of what she related concerning the character of her master. Within the last two years he had sold all his slaves—between thirty and forty in number—having purchased the present ones in that space of time.

She said that before leaving Washington, coming on the cars, and at his father-in-law's in this city, a number of persons had told him that in bringing his slaves into Pennsylvania they would be free. When told at his father-in law's, as she overheard it, that he "could not have done a worse thing," &c., he replied that "Jane would not leave him."

As much, however, as he affected to have such implicit confidence in Jane, he scarcely allowed her to be out of his presence a moment while in this city. To use Jane's own language, he was "on "her heels every minute," fearing that some one might get to her ears the sweet music of freedom. By the way, Jane had it deep in her heart before leaving the South, and was bent on succeeding in New-York, if disappointed in Philadelphia.

At Bloodgood's, after having been belated and left by the 2 o'clock train, while waiting for the 5 o'clock line, his appetite tempted him to take a hasty dinner. So after placing Jane where he thought she would be pretty secure from "evil "communications" from the colored waiters, and after giving her a double counselling, he made his way to the table; did not remain but a little while however before leaving to look after Jane; finding her composed, looking over a banister near where he left her, he returned to the table again and finished his meal.

But, alas, for the slaveholder! Jane had her "top eye open," and in that brief space had appealed to the sympathies of a person whom she ventured to trust, saying "I and my children are "slaves, and we want liberty!" I am not certain, but suppose that person, in the goodness of his heart, was the cause of the note being sent to the Anti-Slavery office, and hence the result.

As to her going on to New-York to see her friends, and wishing to return to her three children in the South, and his going to free her, &c., Jane declared repeatedly and very positively, that there was not a particle of truth in what her master said on these points. The truth is she had not the slightest hope of freedom through any act of his. She had only left one boy in the South, who had been sold far away, where she scarcely ever heard from him, indeed never expected to see him any more.

In appearance Jane is tall and well formed, high and large forehead, of genteel manners, chestnut color, and seems to possess, naturally, uncommon good sense, though of course see has never been allowed to learn to read.

Thus I have given as truthful a report as I am capable of doing, of Jane and the circumstances connected with her deliverance. W. STILL.

P. S.—Of the five colored porters who promptly appeared, with warm hearts throbbing in sympathy with the mother and her children, too much praise cannot be expressed on their behalf. In the present case they acted nobly, whatever may be said of their general character, of which I know nothing. How human hearts who have ever tasted oppression, could have acted differently under the circumstances I cannot conceive.

FROM BOSTON.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, Monday, July 30, 1855.

Barnum, I suppose, intends his letter to THE TRIBUNE pretending to complain of my allusion to him in connection with the girl and the snake, as an advertisement of his Museum. If so, it does credit to his genius in that line. Let me, however, assure Mr. Barnum that if, as he alleges, I labor under the delusion that his occupation is to contrive ways and means "to tickle human "credulity with wonders of doubtful origin," my error is not the creation of the critics who have belabored his Autobiography, but rather the result of a diligent perusal of that improving work itself. I confess my dullness in not gathering from its pages the idea which Mr. Barnum now asserts he wrote it to impress upon the public, namely, that he has forever renounced humbug and deception, and intends henceforth to lead a truthful and moral life, repenting and if possible atoning for his aberrations. I cheerfully give him credit for his good intentions, am rejoiced at his reformation, and will merely beg leave to hint to him in his own elegant way, that, "as a general thing another is not "obliged to furnish brains for his readers to comprehend his *letters,*" and that if he cannot discriminate irony from earnest, he is very likely to get "sold."

You have doubtless noticed the comments of the Boston papers on the exhibition of the Girl and her Snake, last week. I did not attend the exhibition, and took no great interest in the matter till I found that people were really getting excited about it and that it was a universal topic of conversation and discussion. Perhaps I should hardly say discussion, for everybody almost condemned the exhibition as monstrous and cruel to the child, while not a few expressed a determination to put a stop to the thing by killing the snake in case it again appeared in public. The father was arrested and held to bail for trial on a charge of cruelty and unnatural treatment of his daughter. On Wednesday the exhibition ceased and child and snake disappeared, it being generally supposed that they had been taken from the city.

On Saturday morning I was invited to a private interview with the girl and snake, by the person who superintends the exhibition, and who, I believe, has bought the snake, or "two undivided thirds" of it. He conducted me to a house at the south end of the city, on approaching which we met Mr. Hill, the father of the girl, in the street. He is a harmless-and-indolent-looking, common sort of a man, with nothing remarkable about him except a pair of green spectacles which effectually conceal his eyes, and a pair of thick leather gloves which look marvellously as if meant for handling snakes. In reply to an inquiry if the girl were at home, he said, "Yes, yes, she's "just come home from the Common. Go right in, "there's nobody there, but a man that says he's a "doctor and wants to examine her."

On reaching the house we entered without ringing, and ascended to an upper chamber, plainly furnished, where we found the girl, her mother and the visitor whom Mr. Hill had described as a doctor. Nobody seemed to know this gentleman's name, and he had evidently called from curiosity. The girl's mother, a stout, good-humored woman, with bright eyes, sat on a sofa diligently nursing a large baby. The girl was playing near her. She is six or seven years old, very bright and happy-looking, with apparently a strong nervous organization and an excitable temperament. There is nothing very peculiar in her appearance, except the exceeding brightness of her eyes, which glowed with a strange light, such as I have noticed only in the eyes of lunatics and sometimes in those of mesmerizers. We soon became friends, and I took her on my knee and questioned her minutely about the snake and her feelings toward it. She told me, with every appearance of sincerity and unconstraint, that she became acquainted with the creature "out in the pasture," that it sang to her, which she described as a slight hissing sound, that she called it "Robin," and that she loved it very dearly. She said she loved it better than the baby, and would rather have the baby taken away than the snake. She laughed at the notion of being afraid of the snake, which, she said, loved her too well to hurt her. She showed me her hands, on which were faint traces of the bites which the reptile had given her on Tuesday and Wednesday last during the exhibition. She said these bites hurt her very little, that at the time they were given Robin was tired of being exhibited, of being handled, that he wanted to sleep and was cross, and that when she took him out of the box he bit her a little because he was angry, but that it did not hurt much and that she was not at all afraid of him.

She finally offered to show me the snake. It was in a box about two feet long, with two lids, one of glass, the other of wood. The box was on the floor at one side of the room, with the outside wooden lid open. The glass lid was shut and nothing was visible within the box but some hay and a saucer containing milk. The snake was asleep beneath the hay. At this moment the father of the girl came into the room, and hearing me say that I should like to see the reptile, he raised the glass lid and took out the saucer of milk, at the same time lifting up the hay and disclosing the sleeping snake coiled up on the bottom of the box. He said nothing whatever to his daughter, who continued for a few minutes talking with me. At length I suggested that I should like to see her handle the snake. She immediately ran to the box, not only without hesitation but with positive eagerness, pushed aside the hay and took up the snake, showing it to me with evident delight, though not without a certain sort of excitement, such as children are apt to manifest when performing anything unusual or which tickles their vanity. It is a common black snake, about four feet long, and was lethargic as if not fully aroused from sleep. The father said it would be very lively about an hour later, but that snakes were usually somewhat torpid until toward noon. The girl held it loosely by the neck, sometimes letting it slip through her hand to the length of a foot or more. She grasped its body with her left hand when she desired to move it. She allowed it to coil around her ankle and leg, saying to me with a laugh that it was a nice garter. It was evident that she was not in the least afraid of it, although she handled it as one might handle a kitten, with a certain degree of caution not to provoke it to scratch or bite. She hung it round her neck and shrugged her shoulders so as to hug it closely.

It is a question among naturalists whether or not snakes hiss. The common belief that they do is scouted by some as a vulgar error. But certainly I heard this snake hiss while in the hands of the girl. He thrust out his tongue and hissed when any one went very near to him. In other respects he appeared to be a well-disposed and respectable animal.

After playing with the snake for about a quarter of an hour the girl replaced it in the box and covered it with the hay. I left the house satisfied that whatever else might be alleged against the exhibition, it is false that she is afraid of the snake, or that she is constrained by her father to handle it. The uproar that has been made in our papers on the subject was got up by the reprters, who constitute a numerous and active body in Boston, and in the dearth of events at this dull season are glad to avail themselves of any topic on which to exercise their vocabularies For a time the Mayor's squirrels on the Common gave them an easy and copious subject, and that being exhausted, what theme could be more apropos than a lovely and interesting girl, bitten by a horrid and disgusting reptile, and tyrannized over by a brutal, mercenary father! Your true reporter is always champion of distressed humanity or injured innocence.

I am convinced, however, that it will be impracticable for the persons who control this child and her snake to make a public exhibition of her. If the child can endure the excitement without injury, which is questionable, the snake surely will not endure to be handled and worried at pleasure. *He* will get cross and bite the girl, and though his bites are harmless there will be an outcry of public horror, and the snake will in the end be summarily suppressed by some enraged philanthropist. I think if the exhibition, conducted as it was, had continued another day in Boston there would have been a row and the snake would have been killed. If the girl is to be suffered to keep her strange pet, I see no reason why she should not be exhibited. But it should not be before an excited, disorderly crowd at 25 cents a head. It would be better to show her quietly to a few persons at a time, and make them pay roundly for the sight. If any one chooses to give a dollar to see a girl with a tame snake let him; there is no harm in that.

I am wholly unable to judge whether or not the story told by the girl and her parents as to the way in which she became acquainted with the snake is to be relied on. It is not an improbable story. There is no reason to disbelieve that young children have become intimate with snakes in the the fields round their homes. It is asserted in some of the papers that Mr. Hill caught the snake and has trained his daughter to handle it. This may be so, but I doubt it. Either way it is of little consequence *how* the intimacy arose. The fact is certain that the girl has the snake for a pet, and that they are mutually attached. The notion that the girl is charmed and that to destroy the snake would endanger her life, is preposterous. She would undoubtedly grieve for his death as she would for the loss of a pet squirrel, but nothing more—except in intensity, nothing different in kind. There is nothing magical or supernatural in their connection, unless it be on her side. She told me she could charm the snake with her eyes, and I am inclined to believe it, from their marvellous brightness Assuredly there are persons who exercise a sort of magical power over snakes, or who at least possess the art or power of taming them with the greatest ease. The Psylli, so often mentioned by the classic writers, were of this character; so also were the Marses and the Ophiogenes, who had some method of fascinating snakes. In modern times their art is possessed by the snake-charmers of India, of Egypt, and especially of Sennaar. And the traveler Stedman states that among the negroes of Dutch Guiana there are women who make a business of taming serpents. Paulin de St. Barthelemi, in his Travels in India, relates that the poisonous asp of Hindostan, which is a species of adder five feet long, is tamed and rendered perfectly docile by giving it sugar and milk. It was by feeding the black snakes with bread and cake that the Hill girl attached them to her. But I suspect she has some peculiar faculty which gives her a natural control over them. Perhaps we all possess it if we only knew how to use it. In Portland there resides, or did until lately, a composer and teacher of music who was addicted to catching snakes. He could make them come to him if there were any in the neighborhood. He would go to walk in the vicinity of the city and return with his hat full of snakes. At times he had large accumulations of them at his house, and would occasionally put one into his pocket when he went to make a call. A lady to whom he had taught the piano told me that he sometimes brought a snake to her house, and that she had seen him in the street with the heads of two or three snakes issuing from beneath his hat as he returned from a snake-hunt—though it could scarcely be called a hunt, as he caught them with the utmost ease. In fact, they sought him.

FROM BRATTLEBORO'.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BRATTLEBORO', Vt., July 29, 1855.

In response to a call signed by many of our most respectable and influential citizens, a large and enthusiastic meeting of the friends of Freedom was held here on Saturday evening, the 28th inst. The call invited all the freemen of Brattleboro' who were in favor of open political action, and who believed that under the Constitution of the country Freedom is national and Slavery sectional, to join in this demonstration in favor of the great Northern Republican movement for staying the encroachments of the slave power. As we have stated, the meeting was numerously attended, and the character of the speeches decided and even radical in their tone. Judge Tyler, one of the most prominent speakers of the occasion, stated that he esteemed opposition to the extension of Slavery as paramount to all other considerations of an American and a Vermonter.

It is understood that this meeting was got up by the remains of the Silver-Gray Whig party, and consequently did not receive the confidence of genuine Free Soilers. The latter have more faith in the Know Nothings, particularly since the firm stand taken at the Philadelphia Convention. Should the future nominations of the Whigs fall upon the proper men, it is more than probable that the Free-Soil party will indorse them; otherwise it is impossible to say what course of action they will adopt. Indeed, it would appear that a fusion with the Whig party, under any circumstances, would prove a difficult affair.

FROM SYRACUSE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

SYRACUSE, Saturday, July 28, 1855.

The weather in this region has been exceedingly capricious since May came in—rain and sunshine alternately during the twenty four hours, five days out of six for three months past. This day at early opening the sun was out and sky clear; soon after a smart shower set in, which gave way in the forenoon to a bright sunshine, and this again was followed at noon by very severe rain with wind. At ten o'clock the sun was out, and during the afternoon it was showery.

The changes indicated upon the thermometer have been equally variable; throughout July fully up to Summer heat, with an otherwise oppressive atmosphere. These have been the prevailing features of the weather this season in Northern Central New-York. A record kept by a gentleman of this City for eighteen years past shows that double the quantity of rain has fallen here since the first of May than at any time during the same season for the above-named period of years. Much damage has been caused in the country from the humid and sultry atmosphere. The interval of sunshine has proved too short to cure hay; some thousands of tuns have been lost or materially hurt. A little wheat has been got in, but a large portion of the standing crop has sprouted also in the sheaf. The prospect now is that the wheat crop will be pretty much lost in this vicinity. But this after all is only a matter of local interest. If the entire crop of Central New-York should fail it would not affect the price of Flour sixpence a barrel, inasmuch as the aggregate yield is immense everywhere else. At the South it is already harvested, and at the West it is out of danger. Around Hamilton, including the vast wheat district of Canada West, the crop is highly promising. Rye and barley are thus far safe; oats and corn are doing well. The crop of potatoes raised will be excessive unless the wet weather holds on too long. The statement has been made that no first-class flour will be made from the Lake Counties wheat this year.

The Hon. Gerrit Smith lectured in City Hall last evening to a crowded house; his subject was Temperance and the Educating Power of the Government. He announced his intention of speaking through the States on this theme. In his address, the speaker did not appeal to the feelings of his audience, but rather to their reason and judgment. He thought that Government, in its thousand laws, must keep up with the advance of the people, in order to make such reforms successful. Mr. Smith touched lightly upon some of his peculiar views of the powers and purposes of civil Government. I will allude to one of his peculiar theories, in its connection with a purpose of this noble and generous-hearted man which has not been publicly declared nor known beyond the circle of his intimate friends. Mr. Smith has long entertained the opinion that Government should have nothing to do with schools or the direction of the education of youth; he thinks that the subject should be left to the people themselves, as their religious concerns are to be carried out in their own way without influence or control from any governmental authority. In his own practice, this most munificent individual has always acted upon his convictions in this regard, and in a similar beneficent spirit, and with the same unbounded liberality which has uniformly marked his course thus far in life. In the disposition of his immense fortune he intends to devote the bulk of his property in the founding of an institution, in his native State, but extending far and wide in its benefits, for the education of youth.

Probably no citizen of the United States, save perhaps the late Amos Lawrence of Massachusetts, has shared more liberally with his fellow-men the advantages of a princely fortune than Gerrit Smith; and by far his greatest benefaction, exceeding the aggregate of all his others, is yet to be bestowed. Within a few years past he has given $25,000 to the Library of the City of Oswego; $50 apiece to 500 poor women; 50,000 acres of land in lots of 50 acres each to colored people; 50 acres each, with $10 apiece, to 500 poor men; 20,000 acres in Madison, the County where he lives, to an Association of young men, and upward of $50,000 to the Anti-Slavery cause. Of course, in the above-named gifts numbers were interested, and they were known to an extended circle at the time, but his private benefactions have been on the same scale of liberality. He has given farms of good tillage land to many poor men, and the needful requisites to promote their cultivation. An innumerable variety of other calls upon him have been generously responded to, and he has witnessed with infinite satisfaction the permanent benefit conferred by his landed gifts upon the recipients who have settled on his acres. Although in some cases the parties to whom land has been given—to some hundreds of persons at a time—have not always been able to raise their homestead upon it, or retain its use for their own agricultural purposes, still the aggregate benefits from his donations of land have been very great, far exceeding the actual value at the moment of the lots of land respectively distributed. These noble acts of considerate generosity are practical illustrations of Gerrit Smith's long-cherished views of the use of property by the rich, and of the relations of this class to the poor, as well as evidences of his own consistency in the opinions he has so frequently expressed of the accumulation of property in the hands of the few.

Mr. Smith's father was once an associate in business with the late John Jacob Astor. They dealt together largely with the Indians of this State early in their career, and subsequently extended their operations very far beyond its borders. Mr. Smith, the father, was popular among the Indians of the Six Nations, and before the right of those people to sell their lands was taken from them made extensive purchases of the tribes in this State. On his death he left to his son (the present Gerrit Smith) over a million acres of land, mostly situated in Northern and Central New-York. A moiety of these acres he has disposed of. Among the lands which he still retains are extensive tracts in Madison County and large tracts in Oswego, which in view of the prospective growth of the City of Oswego—a place which is receiving a new start from Reciprocity—must become of immense value. N. Y. ZED.

FROM OLEAN.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

OLEAN, N. Y., Monday, July 30, 1855.

Having frequently noticed that you kindly allow subscribers to set forth through your columns the advantages of their localities either for farming or other business purposes, I take the liberty of sending you the following notice of the flourishing little town wherein I reside. Olean is the oldest, or one of the oldest towns in Western New-York. In the days of "Wild "Cat" speculation in "paper cities" it figured very largely, and all its lots have time and again been sold for enormous prices. It is at the southern terminus of the Genesee Valley Canal, and as the prospects of that work have been good, bad or indifferent, so also has been the general prosperity of the town. But it is of none of these matters that I wish now to write. Those days have passed and a substantial order of things prevails.

People are continually looking out for good business locations, and whenever they see one described in THE TRIBUNE they are very apt to believe what is said to be true. This town is situated upon the New-York and Erie Railroad, 395 miles from New York City, and on the Allegany River at the terminus of the Genesee Valley Canal. This latter work is not yet completed to this place, but will be opened the whole distance in September or October—making a continuous water communication with New York City via Erie Canal and Hudson River. All kinds of business flourish exceedingly well here and I do not know of a town of the size in the State which offers better inducements to the establishment of almost any kind of business. We have several of the best stores in this vicinity, but nearly as many more would do the finest kind of business without crowding each other. We need a couple of extensive woolen factories, a large boot and shoe-making establishment, pail and tub factories, &c. A bank is also very badly needed: one with a large capital for the country would hardly be able to do the banking business which is required to be done here. The great want here is capital. There is no lack of business and never will be.

In addition to the Internal Improvements already mentioned, there is a pretty sure prospect that the Allegany Valley Railroad will terminate here if it is ever built. Another railroad from Allica on the north is about half done. On the south we have a vast extent of country into which inquisitive Quakers are just beginning to dive, and which abounds in pine lumber, stone, coal and iron. All its wealth that comes north must go through this place, affording unexampled oppertunies for business of all kinds.

Mr. Editor, I wish to invite a great number of your readers who think of "going West" to get into business, to come here and look at the advantages I have thus roughly set forth.

I have written this in the hope that it might come to the notice of some who are searching for just such a business location; and I may add, to convince them that such is the case, that I have not a foot of real estate to sell, (it only commands a fair price here,) and am not interested in any speculation likely to be benefitted by "puffing" up the real or fancied advantages here presented. A glance at a map of the State will convince any one of the truth of all I have uttered. A. S.

HARD SHELL DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY MEETINGS.

The primary meetings of the National Democratic Republicans, comprising that portion of the Democratic party known as the "Hard Shells," were held last evening in this City to elect delegates to their Democratic State Convention to be held at Syracuse on the 5th of September next. They passed off in a remarkably quiet manner, as is usual when the "Hards" and "Softs" are separate. The following delegates were chosen at the meetings in those Wards which alone constitute an Assembly District:

	Delegates.	*Alternates.*
FOURTH WARD........	William Phillips,	William Cleary,
FIFTH WARD...........	Emanuel B. Hart,	J. D. Dixon,
SEVENTH WARD.......	George P. Alden,	Michael Wall.
EIGHTH WARD.........	John B. Haskins,	Steph Hasbrouck.
NINTH WARD...........	George G Sickles,	Hy. H. Morange.
TENTH WARD...........	John Harrison,	Joseph Marsh.
ELEVENTH WARD.....	John Mosher,	Edwin Bouton,
TWELFTH WARD......	No meeting, no ballot, and no delegates chosen at the place designated.	
THIRTEENTH WARD...	Asahel S. Levy,	W. P. McCormick.
FOURTEENTH WARD..	Daniel E. Sickles,	Ed. Cavangah.
FIFTEENTH WARD....	Augustus Schell,	Geo. C. Genet.
SEVENTEENTH WARD..	Julius Johnson,	James B. Bensel.

The following were the delegates to a District Convention chosen in Wards which do not alone constitute an Assembly District. These delegates meet to-night to select a delegate to Syracuse:

FIRST WARD—Nicholas Dimond, Sam'l Auld, Samuel Curry.

SECOND WARD—Walter Joyce, Chas. F. Sakmeister, Sylvester Farry.

THIRD WARD—James Hackett, Augustus P. Heath, Peter Larkin.

SIXTH WARD—Henry Howard, Anthony Gillen, Thos. Ryan.

SIXTEENTH WARD—W. H. Mead, Charles Taylor, Peter O'Neil.

EIGHTEENTH WARD—C. Godfrey Gunther, Wm. O'Donnell, Charles H. Smith.

NINETEENTH WARD—James C. Rutherford, Wm. Wordsworth, Thomas O'Reilly.

TWENTIETH WARD—John W. Boyce, Thomas Clark, Edward Linen.

TWENTY-FIRST WARD—Henry Smith, John Darrah, Timothy Daly.

TWENTY-SECOND WARD—Patrick Masterson, John O'Toole, Francis M. Barron.

The Assembly District Conventions to select the Delegates to Syracuse meet to-night at the following places:

FIRST DISTRICT—Comprising the First and Second Wards—meets at Dimond's, No. 9 Beaver-st. The First Ward is entitled to the Delegate.

SECOND DISTRICT—Composed of the Third and Sixth Wards, will meet at the Ivy Green in Elm-st. The Third Ward is entitled to the Delegate.

TENTH DISTRICT—Embracing the Twelfth, Nineteenth and Twenty-second Wards, will meet at Youdale's, corner of Fourth-av. and Twenty-sixth-st.

FOURTEENTH DISTRICT—Consisting of the Sixteenth and Twentieth Wards, will meet at Dunn's, at the corner of Thirty-sixth-st. and Eighth-av.

SIXTEENTH DISTRICT—Which is formed of the Eighteenth and Twenty-first Wards, will meet at Smith's, corner of Fourth-av. and Twenty-seventh-st.

SCENE IN A THIRD-AVENUE CAR.—We entered a Third-av. car last evening at Yorkville that was filled with a party of young men and maidens, returning home after a day of pic-nic-ing in the woods. Every one of them seemed overflowing with happiness, and their hearts were all aglow with mirth and melody. On the way toward the City they joked, and sang, and laughed, and altogether were the happiest people we had seen in many a day, when the car stopped at Fifty-third-st. and took up three passengers, whose appearance, all wet, haggard and woe-begone, at once checked their songs, and caused them to inquire, with kind solicitude, the cause of their distress. The two girls answered only by shivering sobs, but from the story of the young man who accompanied them we learned that he and his brother had invited the two girls present to take a boat-ride on the East River. They accepted the invitation and asked another girl, a mutual friend, to bear them company, and the five embarked at the foot of Twenty-eighth-st. The two brothers, (McDens, we believe,) rowed their friends up the river as far as Fifty-third-st., where the tide was so strong that it swept the sculls from the hands of one of the brothers and carried them away. They put back the boat after the oars, when it became unmanageable and was swept by the tide against the bows of a schooner lying at the wharf and swamped. The brothers, with their three companions, were thrown into the water, and one of the young men was at once carried away by the tide. We will give the remainder in the language of the narrator: "I made up my mind that my brother was drowned, and determined to save the young ladies or lose my own life. I was as cool as could be, and being a good swimmer managed to assist all three to grasp one of the chains hanging from the bowsprit. I had them all saved until two men came in a boat to pick them up. I told the men to make their boat fast to the bowsprit before they attempted to take the ladies on board. They said that they knew how to manage, and didn't take my advice but came toward us without making their boat fast. I handed the young lady toward them and they caught a hold of her, but on leaning over to take her on board their boat was upset and she sank out of sight and was drowned. Oh, if they had only taken my advice she would have been alive now, and I should not have had to take such terrible tidings home to her friends." The poor man trembled all over, and wept and wrung his hands in agony at the recollection of the fearful scene in which he had just been an actor. It appeared that he was saved with the two girls by another boat. On going ashore he learned that his brother had also been picked up by a boat off Sixty-first-st. As might be supposed there was no more merriment in that car for the remainder of the trip. The name of the deceased girl was Emily Cowen.

FAILURE OF A COTTON FACTORY IN GEORGIA.—A correspondent of *The Charleston News*, at Sparta, Georgia, writes:

"A large cotton factory has been in operation here about three years, but is now about being closed, and to-day will probably terminate its existence. It unpleasantly reminded us of a fate of the similar enterprise which so signally failed after a brief career in our own city. Why is it so? It would seem to be reasonable at least that, surrounded with the raw material, unencumbered with the cost of transportation to Northern cities, *Southern* manufactories should not only compete, but successfully maintain a higher position than those so far removed from the cotton-growing region. But so it is, with few exceptions, our own Graniteville being among them."